

CHARIVARIA.

WE have good news of PRESIDENT CASTRO. It was noticed that, when receiving the representative of a Continental paper, the Dictator wore carpet slippers. This is taken to mean Peace.

The *Neptune* is to be twenty feet longer and four feet wider than the *Dreadnought*. If the war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany go on increasing in size at this rate it is obvious that there will not be room enough for them to fight in comfort in the North Sea, and arrangements will have to be made for the use of the Atlantic.

A man has been arrested for firing shots in Miss MARIE CORELLI's garden. From a statement he made he is apparently a reader of Miss CORELLI's books. The state of his mind is to be enquired into.

In attempting to swallow a cigar and a clay pipe for a wager last week a collier became unconscious through the bowl of the pipe sticking in his throat. A doctor who was summoned extracted the bowl, and the collier's condition is improving, but it is thought that in future he will only swallow cigars.

A young correspondent points out that an undoubted drawback to a certain shiny species of sweet is that, when one has sucked it for a short time, and just as one is getting really fond of it, the thing is apt to slip down one's gullet beyond recall. To prevent this he proposes that a hole should be bored through the centre of each sweet and a piece of string passed through it. One end of the string could then be held in the hand, thus enabling one to retain effective control over the sweet.

Referring to the recent damage done in Cambridge before the young

gentlemen went down, we believe that the end of the term at many Schools for Little Boys is celebrated by a "Breaking-up" entertainment.

The Editor of *The Review of Reviews* has been asking a number of celebrities and notoriety how much sleep they require. A certain popular author replies: "If I sleep well for four or five hours my powers

the engine." How typical of Scotch frugality that only a small bottle should have been used on this occasion.

The decision that in certain circumstances a railway carriage becomes a dwelling-house subject to the provisions of the Public Health Act, has, we hear, created a considerable flutter among the directors of a certain railway company whose carriages scarcely move.

"No child should open a book until he is seven years of age," says Dr. ALBERT WILSON. It would be humane, we think, in the case of some modern novels, to raise the age-limit to 100.

It is amusing to see how some youngsters give themselves airs. The Russian Duma has sent an encouraging message to the Turkish Parliament.

"The Newest Dresses, Gauds, and Gems," is the title of an article in *The Daily Mail*. But surely there is a certain redundancy here? So many ladies make gauds of their dresses.

"Mr. C——'s one recreation is hunting, and he knows of no sport or pastime more health-giving or exhilarating than pursuing pug in real earnest in the regular hunting season along the Midland pastures with the music of the Quorn Pack at his heels."—*The British and Colonial Druggist*.

If the etiquette of pug-hunting is at all like that of fox-hunting we should greatly like to hear what the M.P.H. has to say to Mr. C.'s habit of riding in front of hounds.

Extracted from a Singapore "Price List of Newspapers":

Name of Journal.	Classification.
Alliance News.	Comic.
An'ocar.	Scottish Humour.
Ac. demy.	Temperance.
Church Times.	Nonconformist.
Clarion.	High Church.



"JAMES, AS I PASSED THE SERVANTS' HALL TO-DAY I SAW YOU KISS ONE OF THE MAIDS."

"YES, MY LADY—WHEN WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN, MY LADY?"

"ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK."

"OH, YES, MY LADY—THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN JANE, MY LADY."

are at their best. But I do this about one night in ten." We should never have guessed it happened so often as that. And another literary man makes the modest confession that he sends himself to sleep by telling stories to himself. This will no doubt cause a rush on the part of the public for his invaluable soporific.

"As the train bearing Mrs. CARRIE NATION entered the station at Glasgow," we are told, "a practical joker smashed a small bottle of whiskey on

THE COMING ARMAGEDDON.

[THE PRIME MINISTER, having sounded from the National Liberal Club his "trumpet-call" for the campaign against the Lords (date of commencement of hostilities not yet fixed), has declared his intention of taking no cognisance of the Report of the Select Committee on the Reform of the Upper House.]

Go home and pause a little while, O Peers;
Not to indulge in festal mirth that cheers
The innocent heart and eye;
But to review your vicious past, and heave,
Like sinful soldiers on the battle's eve,
A penitential sigh.

Penance you've done already of a sort:
Worn sackcloth (*vide* ROSEBERRY'S Report)
O'er vests of silken stuff;
Poured on your polls a thimbleful of ash,
And flicked your shoulders with a velvet lash
(Not on the actual buff);

But naught avails a purge so mild and bland,
Or that you volunteered to go and stand
In corners, face to wall,
Saying, "Though we have acted far from ill,
Yet at a pinch we might do better still;"
This is no use at all.

For there is one whose higher wisdom means
To smash you into little smithereens
When it shall please his whim;
Meanwhile, whatever private pains you take
To mend your naughty habits, it will make
No difference to him.

You may reform or not, let loose or curb
Your Titan passions—you will not disturb
His poised Olympian breast;
But in his own good time he'll fix your fate,
Choosing, without consulting you, the date
That suits his book the best.

Forth from The Club his bugle-call has gone;
The charge itself will follow later on—
How soon, you mustn't know;
So to your prayers against that awful day
Whose whenabouts he can't himself foresay,
Not to a year or so. O. S.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is often a difficult matter to know what to give one's friends in the way of presents at this season. It occurred to us that it might help our readers to solve the annual problem if we invited a number of well-known people to say what *they* personally would like to have. Here are some of the replies which have not yet come to hand:—

MR. ASQUITH.—"I should like above all things a really good model of the House of Lords with all the Unionist Peers in their places. With this and a coal-hammer I think I could spend a very happy time."

LORD LANSDOWNE.—"Christmas Bills are the best presents of all. I simply love pulling them to bits."

MR. BIRRELL [*telegram*].—"May I join ASQUITH? Will bring my own coal-hammer." (Reply paid.)

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.—"It's your money I want!"

What Society is Doing Abroad.

"Three kangaroos and two emus travelling from Australia to Athens, where they will take up their residence, stopped recently at Port Said and Alexandria for a day or two."—*The Egyptian Gazette*.

DISCURSIONS.

CASUAL CRANKS.

"It's a rum thing," said the pale young stockjobber, "what funny chaps you come across now and then in a train. And, what's more, you never see 'em again—just get one talk with 'em and then they vanish away as if they'd never been there, and leave you wondering what's become of 'em. Some of 'em may be escaped loonies, and I daresay the keepers catch 'em after a bit, but I don't know. They look all right and they talk all right most of the time, but then something starts 'em off, and you get left."

"Now last week there was a respectable old fellow sitting where you're sitting. He'd got on a frock-coat which had seen some service—shiny, you know, in the cuffs and elbows—but his hat wasn't so bad, and there was a pearl pin in his black tie, and he'd got grey whiskers and a pair of spectacles—quite a benevolent-looking old buffer. He had a whole lot of newspapers with him, and he was reading them all through in double quick time, galloping over the pages like a two-year-old. He was finished with six of 'em before I'd been through half a page of my halfpenny rag. I guessed he must be a literary gent or some genius of that sort by the way he went on. They all dash at it like that. I've seen 'em."

"Well, the train hadn't been going more than five minutes or so before he'd done with his newspapers and crumpled 'em up and chucked 'em out of the window. Then he sat up very straight and beat his arms across his chest like a cabman five or six times, and at last he took his topper off his head, looked at it in a sorrowful kind of way, and before you could say 'Knife' he'd put his old fist through the crown with a bang like a pistol. I never got such a start in my life."

"I suppose he saw I was a bit alarmed, for he smiled at me and said in a very solemn way, 'I apologise, Sir; I ought to have warned you. But you will admit that a man in my position must do something to show his quality.' I said I supposed he must, and it didn't matter so long as it was his hat and not mine. 'Ha, ha, ha,' he laughed, 'very good, very good. Of course you know that in our line of life we do that kind of thing. The GERMAN EMPEROR, for instance: he always polishes off four hats a day, winter and summer, and the KING OF SPAIN sometimes gets as high as six. Personally I never do more than three. It's my Tartar ancestry, I fancy.'"

"I didn't quite know what to say, but I thought it best to keep joking him, so I asked him if three hats a day wasn't a shade expensive even for a man who'd got a Tartar ancestry. 'Sir,' he said, 'you are pleased to be facetious; but a Tsar can afford to be generous.' 'A Tsar?' I said. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am the TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS; but I tell you this only on condition that you keep it a secret. If my poor wife heard of it she'd never forgive me. She can't bear Russians, so you'll easily understand why I don't want her to know. I shall have to break it to her, I suppose, when we go back to the Winter Palace, but till then, mind, it's a dead secret.' Just then the train pulled up at Ealing and he got out. A queer old scarecrow he looked in his crumpled hat, but he gave up his ticket just like any-one else."



THE ADOPTED FATHER.

ABDUL HAMID. "WELL, IF ANYONE HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO THAT I SHOULD COME TO THIS!"

[The new Turkish Parliament assembled on December 17.]



Visitor. "SEVENTY-EIGHT, ARE YOU? WELL, KEEP ALIVE TILL THE NEW YEAR, AND YOU'LL GET YOUR PENSION."

Mrs. O'Flanagan. "PENSION, IS IT, ME LADY? AND HWIN WILL I BE GETTING THE EIGHT YEARS BACK-MONEY THE ENGLISH ARE OWIN' ME, THAT'S HWAT I WANT TO KNOW!"

"I should have thought this was about enough, but I got another startler on Saturday, when I was going down to stay with WELSFORD for the week-end. At one of the stations a chap came rushing up the platform and tumbled himself into my carriage. He wore a brown soft hat and a brown velvet knickerbocker suit with yellow gaiters. In fact he looked as if he'd got gaiters all over him—you know the sort. There was a wild look in his eye, and as soon as he'd got his breath he started talking about fifty to the dozen. I never heard such rot in my life—all about the rights of humanity and men being more valuable than pheasants, and what were we all going to do when the poor realised their power and tried to get back a bit of their own, and wouldn't it be a funny sight for us aristocrats to see our heads tumbling into the guillotine-basket, and so on. I never heard a chap in gaiters talk like that before, but he didn't seem to want me to answer him, which was lucky. He did his own answering, and took jolly good care to make himself come out all right, you bet.

"At last he seemed to run dry, and after he'd stopped a bit he looked at me and said, 'Do you know whom you've been talking to?' I hadn't got a word in, you know, but I didn't worry about that. I said No, I didn't know who he was. 'Ah,' he said, 'you don't know, don't you? Well, I'm not sure if I ought to tell you. Better perhaps to leave you in ignorance. You'll simply hate me if I tell you who I am.' I said

I'd risk it; but he wouldn't speak again for a long time, and you'd hardly believe it, he'd got tears trickling down his cheeks. 'It's dreadful,' he said, 'to be hated as I am, but I can't help it. I'm QUIRK, BASIL QUIRK.'

"I give you my sacred word of honour I'd never heard of him before, hadn't the remotest notion who he was or what he did. Have you? Oh, a well-known M.P. and author, is he? Anyhow, I told him I really didn't mind a bit. He looked disappointed, but he pulled himself together and said I was the first person he'd ever met in whom he hadn't inspired horror and he'd never forget it. It would make his path in life much easier, he said. When I got out at Brinkley he shook hands with me and asked me to keep a kind thought for BASIL QUIRK.

Extract from a friendly letter in a paper with the nice quiet name of *Cage Birds* :—

"Such people in our estimation are un-educated, fanatical, spluttering rodents, gnawing at any and everything that is good and useful, and when they discover there is nothing to satisfy their avariciousness they, like hideous gorillas, laugh to think they have been able to do some fellow fancier an injury. We think that it behoves such people to gaze into the mirror of reflection and see what miserable, hideous, mean, contemptible lumps of humanity they consist of."

This just shows you how cage birds in their little nests agree.

THE FIR-TREE; REVISED VERSION.

(Too Long After Hans Andersen.)

ONCE upon a time there grew a fir-tree in a great Newfoundland forest.

It had a delightful life; the rain fell on it and nourished its roots; the sun shone on it and warmed its heart; now and then came a great jolly wind to wrestle with it and try its strength. The peasant children would sit at its foot and play their games and sing their little songs, and the birds roosted or sheltered in its branches. Now and then the squirrels frolicked there.

But the tree, although everything was so happy in its surroundings, was not satisfied. It longed to be something else. It longed to be, as it said, important in the world.

"Well," said the next tree to it, "you will be important; we all shall. Nothing is so important as the mast of a ship."

But the tree would not have it. "The mast of a ship!" he said. "Pooh! I hope to be something better than that."

Every year the surveyors came and marked a number of the taller trees, and then wood-cutters came and cut them down and lopped off their branches and dragged them away to the shipbuilders. The tree watched them go with disdain.

And then one day the surveyor came and made a mark on our tree.

"Ha! ha!" said a neighbour, "now you're done for."

But the tree laughed slyly. "I know a better trick than that," he said, and he induced a squirrel to rub off the mark with his tail, so that when the wood-cutters came he was not felled after all.

"Oh," said the swallows when they came back next year, "you here still?"

"Surely," said the tree, conceitedly. "They tried to get me, but I was too clever for them."

"But don't you want to be a mast," they said, "and hold up the sails of a beautiful ship, and swim grandly all about the seas of the world, and lie in strange harbours, and hear strange voices?"

"No," said the tree, "I don't. I dislike the sea. It is monotonous. I want to assist in influencing the world. I want to be important."

"Don't be so silly," said the swallows.

And then the tree had his wish, for one day some more wood-cutters

came; but, instead of picking out the tall trees, as they had been used to, they cut down hundreds just as they came to them.

"Look out," said the swallows. "You'll be cut down now whether you want it or not."

"I want it," said the tree. "I want to begin to influence the world."

"Very well," said a wood-cutter, "you shall," and he gave the trunk a great blow with his axe, and then another and another, until down it fell.

"You won't be a mast," he added, "never fear. Nothing so useful! You're going to make paper, my friend."

"What is paper?" asked the tree of the swallows as they darted to and fro over its branches.

"We don't know," they said, "but we'll ask the sparrows."

The sparrows, who knew, came and told the tree. "Paper," they said, "is the white stuff that men read from. It used to be made from rags; but it's made from trees now because it's cheaper."

"Then will people read me?" asked the tree.

"Yes," said the sparrows.

The tree nearly fainted with rapture.

"But only for a few minutes," added the sparrows. "You're going to be newspaper paper, not book paper."

"All the same," said the tree, "I might have something worth reading on me, mightn't I? Something beautiful or grand."

"You might," said the sparrows, "but it isn't very likely."

Then the men came to haul the tree away. Poor tree, what a time it had! It was sawed into logs, and pushed, with thousands of others, into a pulping machine, and the sap oozed out of it, and it screamed with agony; and then by a dozen different processes, all extremely painful, it was made into paper.

Oh, how it wished it was still growing on the hillside with the sun and the rain, and the children at its foot, and the birds and squirrels in its branches. "I never thought the world would be like this," it said. And the other trees in the paper all around it agreed that the world was an over-rated place.

And the tree went to sleep and dreamed it was a mast, and woke up crying.

Then it was rolled into a long roll five miles long and put down into the hold of a ship, and there it lay all

forlorn and sea-sick for a week. A dreadful storm raged overhead—the same wind that had once tried its strength on the hillside—and as they heard it all the trees in the paper groaned as they thought of the life of the forest and the brave days that were gone.

The worst of it was the roll in which our tree lay was close by the foot of the mast, which came through the hold just here, and he found that they were old friends. The mast said he could think of no life so pleasant as that of a mast. "One has the sun all day," he said, "and the stars all night; one carries men and merchandise about the world; one lies in strange harbours and sees strange and entertaining sights. One is influencing the world all the time."

At these words the tree wept again. But he made an effort to be comforted. "You wouldn't suggest," he inquired timidly, "that a mast was as important, say, as a newspaper?"

The mast laughed till he shook. "Well, I like that," he said. "Why, a newspaper—a newspaper only lasts a day, and everything in it has to be corrected on the day after! A mast goes on for years. And another thing," he added, "which I forgot: sometimes the captain leans against it. The captain! Think of that."

But the tree was too miserable.

In the harbour it was taken out of the ship and flung on the wharf, and then it was carried to the warehouse below a newspaper office in London. What a difference from Newfoundland, where there was air and light. Here it was dark and stuffy, and the rolls talked to each other with tears in their voices.

And then one night the roll in which our poor tree found himself was carried to the printing-rooms and fixed in the press, and down came the heavy, messy type on it, all black and suffocating, and when the tree came to itself in the light again it was covered with words.

But, alas! the sparrows were right, for they were not beautiful words or grand words, but such words as, "Society Divorce Case," and "Double Suicide at Margate," and "Will it be fine at Christmas?" and "Bankruptcy of Peer's Cousin," and "Burglary at Potter's Bar," and "Indian Sedition."

"Oh, dear," sighed the tree as it realised what it was bearing on its surface, "how I wish I had gone to sea as I was meant to do! And he vowed that if ever he got out of this

dreadful life he would never be headstrong again. But alas!—

Then, cut and folded, it was, with others like it, carried away in the cold, grey morning to a railway-station, and put in the train and rattled off to a bookstall in the West, and a man bought it for a halfpenny and read it all through, and said there was nothing in it, and threw it under the seat, and later another man found it and read it, and blew choking tobacco over it, and then wrapped up some fish in it, and took it home to his family. All that night it lay scrunched up on the floor of a squalid house, feeling very faint from the smell of fish, and longing for Newfoundland and the sun and the rain, and the children and the birds.

And the next morning an untidy woman lit the fire with it. It was an unimportant fire, and went out directly.

"CONFESSION."

[Composed for the young lady of Munich, who recently fell down in the street, "crushed" by the weight of her hat.]

THERE'S something on my head,
Father,
There's something on my head;
It bows me down with woe, Father,
It feels like tons of lead.

It's not a motor-car's spare tyre,
Though stretching quite as wide,
It's not a blooming floral wreath
To deck Gargantua's bride;

It's not the latest chimney-pot
With smoke-consuming cowl;
Nor yet Minerva's brazen casque
Surmounted by her owl;

It's not a Dutch stork's nest,
Father,
With the parent birds on top;
Nor the latest horticultural "light"
With its French intensive crop.

It's not a straw-thatched roof,
Father,
It's heavier far than that—
It's the newest importation,
It's the fashionable hat!

"Lieutenant A. Trolle, of the Danish National Polar Expedition, was last night presented with the silver medal of the Royal Scottish National Anti-Suffrage League."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

This is all very well as a beginning, but the League must really think of something more startling for its next step, if it wishes to counteract successfully the influence of the Suffragettes.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEBODY ELSE.

Confiding Youth (to the well-known novelist "Vera Vavasour," after studying the card on which is inscribed her private name, Mrs. Pulkington Smith). "DO YOU KNOW, I'M QUITE BELIEVED TO FIND YOU'RE NOT MISS VERA VAVASOUR. I HEARD SHE WAS TO BE HERE, AND I WAS SO AFRAID I MIGHT SIT NEXT TO HER AND SHE'D WANT TO TALK ABOUT HER BOTTEN NOVELS, AND I HAVEN'T READ A WORD OF 'EM."

Commercial Candour.

"DOCTOR'S FRIEND,
4 CYLINDER HUMBER CAR."
The Shields Observer.

"John Corkoran stated that he had seen a large number of skulls thrown up during an interment. He did not think that that was a proper thing. He would cry his eyes out if he saw it done to his own."—*Irish Times*.

There are reasons, which we need not go into here, why it is unlikely that Mr. CORKORAN will ever be placed in such a trying position as this.

"An excellent Piano; only wants to be seen."—*Advt. in Western Mail.*

This sounds suspicious. Why doesn't it want to be heard too?

The latest from our elementary schools:—

"A cyclone is the meaning of a poker or any straight thing when the weight is on one end, pressure on the other, and fulcrum in the middle. An isobar is an anti-cyclone which means double cyclone, a double cyclone is a pair of tongs, and there are many more."

UNGRATEFUL GUESTS.

PERSONALLY, I am all for keeping up old customs, and, ever since our marriage some eight years ago, AGATHA and I have made an annual practice of inviting our nearest relations, a few old friends, and others who might or might not come under that category, to assemble round the board of our modest flat in Fulham, and partake of our cheer on Christmas Day.

I will not pretend that these gatherings were ever pervaded by the spirit of rollicking mirth that is traditionally associated with the Festive Season. But that was no fault of *ours*. We invariably found that the sort of people we should have liked to get—brilliant conversationalists who could be relied upon to keep the table in a continuous ripple, if not an absolute roar, of laughter—were prevented from coming to us by some previous engagement.

Consequently we had to fall back upon those who were unlikely to be in any social demand. And I give you my word entertaining *them* was collar-work, and no mistake, from start to finish! Nothing but a strong sense of what was expected of us would have enabled me to go on with it, year after year, as I did—and really, after what occurred on the last occasion it is hardly surprising that I have decided to abandon all such hospitality for the future! Here is the list of the guests AGGIE and I received on that memorable evening: My Uncle POLKINGHORN, who in the endeavour to reconcile dyspeptic tendencies with the pleasures of the table has embittered a temper which—so at least I have been credibly informed—was originally genial, if not sunny; AGGIE's great-aunt GRIZEL, who, as she will tell you herself, has outlived all her happiness and whose thoughts dwell chiefly on the dead past; a second cousin of mine, BEASLEY SOWERBUTTS, about as unsociable and cantankerous a beggar as you'd come across in a day's march; Miss AUSTERBURY, who was once AGGIE's governess, and still preserves traces of the terror she must have been in her prime; old Mr. ADDLESHAW, whom I can just remember as a chirpy and well-preserved bachelor with a never-failing flow of jest and repartee—though I can never get AGATHA to believe it; MARIANA MOTE, who is generally understood to be still brooding over a disappointment sustained in early youth; and an old school-fellow of mine, SHRIVENHAM PAPP, who has been heavily handicapped by his increasing liability to nervous breakdown.

The above, together with the wife and self, little FREDa and FRANKIE (our two twinnies), and MAMSELL SCHLUMPF, a young lady from Zurich who is instructing them on the mutual system in colloquial French, made up our circle of twelve at dinner last Christmas Day.

And, now I have introduced them, I should like to ask just one question: *Do they strike you as the kind of party whose conversational resources you could trust to show no signs of exhaustion throughout a somewhat lengthy repast?* If they do, all I can say is that my own previous experience of them had led me to a very different conclusion. I knew that the removal of the turkey was only too apt to plunge them into a general torpor which the pudding would rather deepen than dispel. So perhaps you may understand now how eagerly I should welcome any expedient that might serve to introduce a note of gaiety into the proceedings at this critical stage.

It seemed to me one evening in the first week of December that I had come across just the very thing for the purpose. I had left the office earlier than usual,

as AGATHA had reminded me that morning to be sure to be home in time to stir our Christmas pudding, for luck. As I passed a fancy stationer's window on my way I caught sight of a card, to which was attached a variety of small silver articles, half-a-dozen in all. There were a miniature merrythought (an emblem of "good fortune"), a reduced facsimile of a threepenny-bit (signifying "riches"), a fascinating little bell (a symbol for something I have forgotten), a tiny ring, which indicated marriage within the next twelvemonth, and a Lilliputian thimble and button, implying spinster- or bachelorhood for a corresponding period.

These I found were intended for insertion in the Christmas pudding, and would obviously, when disinterred, furnish ample occasion for innocent amusement and *badinage*. They were quite a novelty, and I was told there had been an enormous sale for them. Being greatly taken with the idea, I purchased a card which, the complete set being only one-and-ninepence, I did not regard as an unjustifiable extravagance under the circumstances, though as I neared home it occurred to me that AGGIE might very possibly do so. However, as only Cook was present when I went into the kitchen to perform my part in the ceremony, I was able to stir the little symbols well into the rich mass of pudding without interference. Cook is a sensible, elderly woman of few words, and quite understood that there was no occasion to mention the matter, as I intended it to be a surprise on Christmas Day. And of course I knew that AGGIE would be the first to approve if it turned out the success I anticipated.

Well, when Christmas Day came round and we sat down to dinner I congratulated myself more than ever on my foresight, for our guests seemed in even lower spirits than on previous occasions. Most of them preferred lithia or barley-water to the champagne I had provided, and I have noticed that tongues do not become so readily loosened on non-alcoholic beverages. But I am bound to say that when Aunt GRIZEL *did* become more animated, she kept the ball rolling at my own end of the table by giving us a long description of the disgraceful manner in which some local undertaker had mismanaged her second husband's interment.

So, as she is given to resent being interrupted, it happened that the pudding had not only been brought in, but cut up and handed round before I got a chance of securing the ear of the table. And even then they appeared to think I was joking when I inquired which of them had found the merrythought—for there was no response except from little FRANKIE, who informed me that only chickens had merrythoughts, not puddings. "*This pudding has, though, my boy!*" I said. "Ask Uncle if he's found it yet?"—(for Uncle POLKINGHORN was consuming pudding with the same sombre indifference to consequences as the others). "I hope he has, I'm sure, for it will bring him luck through the whole year!" I understood my Uncle to reply from the other end that if he had discovered any such fragment in his portion of pudding he would have taken care to mention it at once.

At this of course I explained, describing each symbol and its significance, so that they could be instantly recognised, and I saw that my words had produced an effect which surprised even myself. Those guests who had not already consumed their slices began at once to search for symbols among the fragments, and seemed really disappointed at their want of success. Uncle POLKINGHORN was keener than anybody, for he actually insisted that the remainder of the pudding should be distributed and

DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.
THE ETIQUETTE OF AFTERNOON CALLS.



IF YOU ARE FEELING CHEERFUL AND TALKATIVE, DON'T BE AFRAID OF MONOPOLISING THE CONVERSATION. RETICENCE IS NOT NECESSARILY A SIGN OF GOOD BREEDING, AND A LADY SHOULD BE AT HER EASE IN ANY SOCIETY.



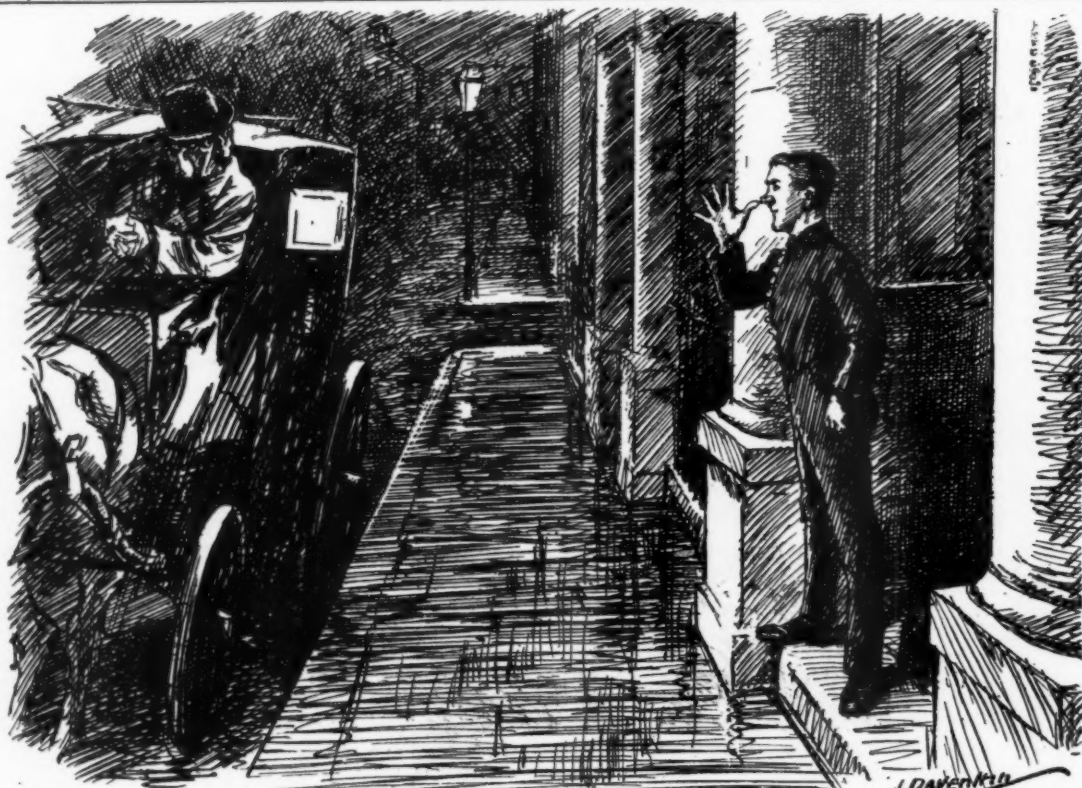
ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU ARE DISINCLINED FOR CONVERSATION, AND FIND NO ONE IN BUT A HOSTESS WHO BORES YOU, DON'T WASTE THE PRECIOUS HOURS OF YOUTH IN POLITE INANITIES—IMPROVE YOUR MIND.



SHOULD YOU MAKE A CALL AFTER A STRENUOUS AFTERNOON'S SHOPPING, AND ARRIVE HUNGRY, DON'T BE ASHAMED OF YOUR APPETITE—TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND HAVE A GOOD SIT-DOWN TEA. BE NATURAL.



AND WHEN YOU HAVE EATEN ENOUGH DON'T JOIN IN A LOT OF MEANINGLESS GOSSIP WITH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE YOU DON'T CARE TWO STRAWS ABOUT; BUT IF AMONG THE CALLERS YOU FIND A REAL FRIEND HAVE A COMFORTABLE CONVERSATION WITH HIM.



Page. "EER, WHAT'S THE GOOD O' YOU TURNING UP? I WHISTLED ONCE"

Page. "ONCE IS FOR A TAXI, AIN'T IT?"

Page. "AN' TWICE IS FOR A 'ANSON?"

Page. "WELL, WHEN WE WANTS YOU, WE'LL SEND YER A POST-CARD—SEE!"

Cabby. "WELL, I THOUGHT AS——"

Cabby. "Yus."

Cabby. "Yus."

subjected to a careful analysis, which was done accordingly. The whole party raked their second helpings with breathless suspense, I encouraging them to persevere by assurances that the tokens were bound to turn up, as I had stirred them well into the pudding with my own hand. However, not a single one of them did turn up, and I was just about to remark how odd it was, when the solution of the mystery flashed suddenly upon me. All these little silver souvenirs must have been embedded in the first helpings, in which case—well, it was only one more illustration of the disadvantages of bolting one's food! Owing to their lack of ordinary self-restraint they had missed all the opportunities for harmless fun which I had so carefully provided. The trouble and expense I had gone to were simply thrown away! Annoyed as I was, I was just debating with myself whether it would not perhaps be in better taste to say nothing more about it, when I became painfully aware that Uncle POLKINGHORN, at all events, had realised the situation. . . .

F. A.

(To be concluded.)

"A re-shuffling of the cards appears to be necessary, but it is unthinkable that the many questions now in the melting-pot will be left to the fortuitous arbitrament of the sword."

The South African Mining Journal.

Meanwhile we can only wait to see which way the cat jumps.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

As he has taken occasion already to observe, it is no ordinary pageant at which *Mr. Punch's* friends will have the opportunity of assisting on the opening day, Saturday, January 2nd, 1909, and throughout the month, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Those who have not read his previous announcements on the subject will perhaps kindly read this one. *Mr. Punch* would like to add that he is just as grateful as he was last week to the many kind people who have lent him original drawings, manuscripts, letters and other precious relics of his past.

In its legal answers to correspondents *The Yorkshire Post* solves the great question as to what happens "when a man dies intestate, his widow having predeceased him." The answer is actually addressed to "Harrogate," but in case there are others interested in this obscure problem we recommend them to the columns of our contemporary.

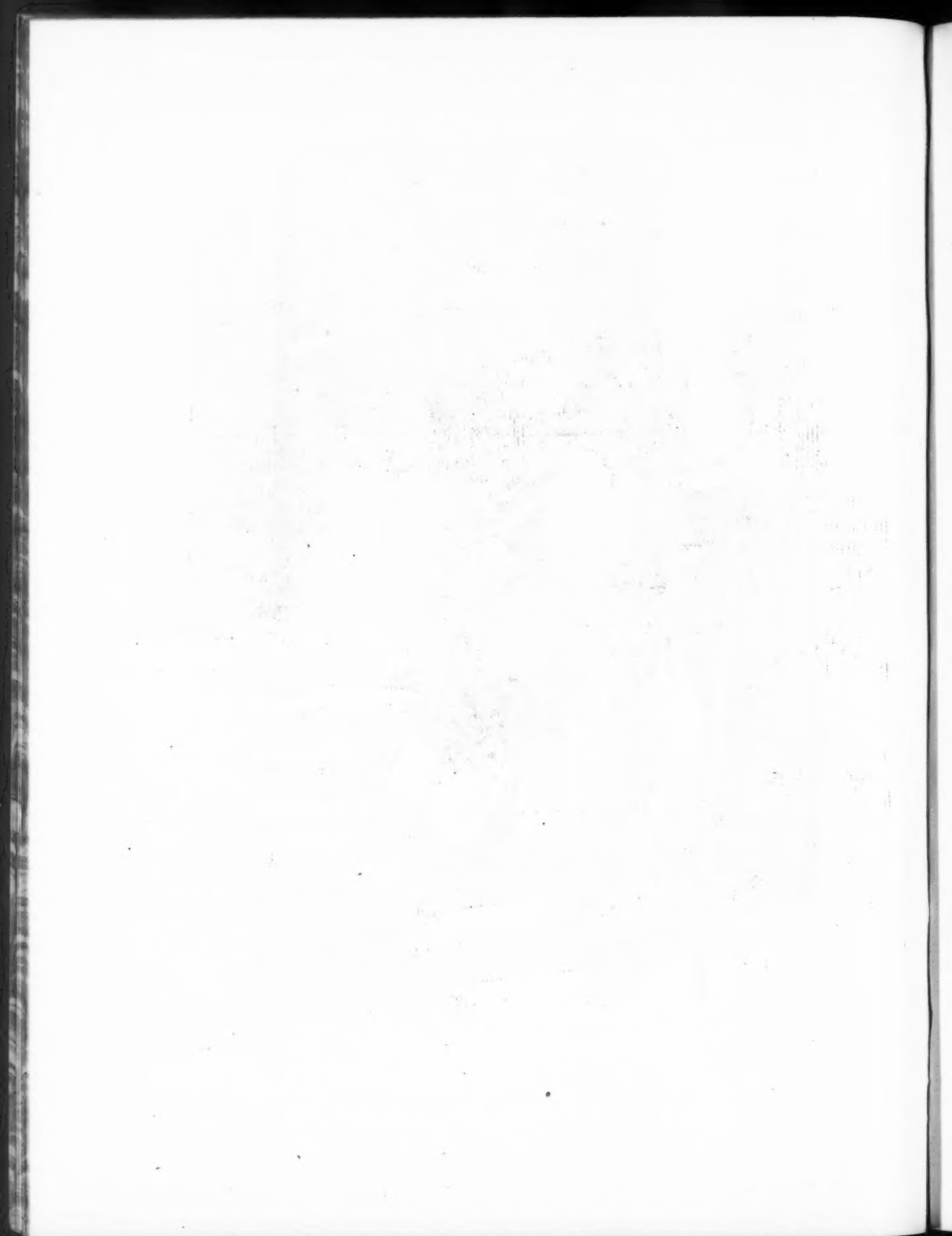
"Buxton.—Hydro. 'Xmas Holidays. Send for prog.—Mrs. HALL." *Daily Dispatch.*

Hungry guests will be glad of Mrs. HALL's friendly warning.



KEEPING CHRISTMAS—OUT.

BUTLER OF MODERN ENGLISH HOME. "NOT AT 'OME. HER LADYSHIP IS AT MONTY CARLO; THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE IN THE HALPS; AND SIR JOHN HAS TAKEN THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY TO THE RESTORONG."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

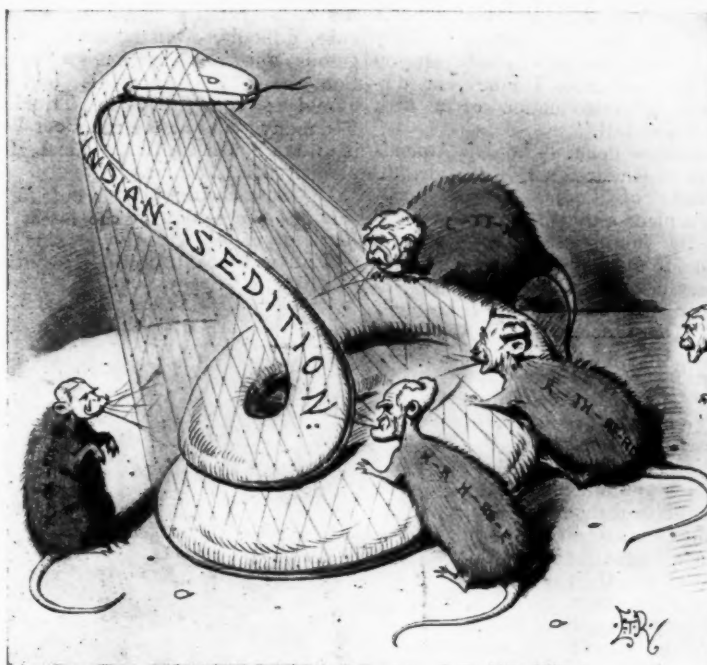
House of Lords, Monday, December 14.—If you want to make your flesh creep, YOUNG WEMYSS is the Boy for your money. Session only a few days more to run. Christmas at hand. Noble Lords anxious to wind up business, get home to their ancestral halls, burn the Yule log on immemorial grates, fill up the cup represented by the wassail bowl, and quaff it to health of the PREMIER. And here comes along YOUNG WEMYSS with a terrifying story calculated to keep the most fearless awake in their beds.

Introduced in course of speech wherein Britannia was vividly represented as "naked and unarmed." That pretty well; nothing compared with the story about the General of the so-called British Army attending foreign manoeuvres. Addressing himself to distinguished officer told off as chaperon, the British General, *à propos de bottes*, asked, "Have you any plan for the invasion of England?"

Foreign officer looked him up and down with twinkle in his eye.

"Twenty," he replied.

"And which," continued the British officer, pursuing enquiry in tone and manner suggestive of being



IN THE SACRED CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND SELF-GOVERNMENT!

Dedicated to those dear philanthropic rodents whose hearts are wrung by every effort to put restraint upon this interesting reptile, and who nibble away daily at the meshes of the net. Thanks to Lord Morley and others they nibble in vain.

in a hosier's shop searching for a suitable necktie, "do you think is the best?"

The foreign officer (at the other side of the counter, so to speak, turning over the box of ties and holding one up), replied, "I think the best plan would be to send 300,000 men—100,000 in each army—and go for three different parts of the country, with the certainty that one of the armies would land."

"Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the British General; adding, *sotto voce*, "I must tell YOUNG WEMYSS this as soon as I get back."

After this House gratefully sailed into Port of London and took up Bill sent on from Commons.

Business done.—Port of London Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—After incessant toil culminating in week of feverish anxiety, RUNCIMAN enjoying himself. Education Bill off his hands, finds himself endowed with long unaccustomed leisure. Really doesn't know what to do with his time and himself. Makes holiday after fashion of the waiter who, having a night off, went out to help a friend serve a dinner. Sits on Treasury Bench watching HERBERT GLADSTONE struggling with Eight

Hours Bill, or the Infant SAMUEL skilfully piloting Children's Bill to haven of Statute Book.

Has at least the satisfaction of knowing that, though defeated, he is not discredited. On contrary found, and made most of, opportunity of developing qualities that place him, though young in years, in first rank of Ministers.

"Thank you, TOBY, dear boy," he said, when I made remark to that effect. "You are very good. I did my best and am grateful to both sides for their friendliness. Am all right now I can sleep o' nights. Couldn't manage it at first. Solomon Grundy too much for me."

"Solomon Grundy?"

"Yes. Did you never hear the story of his life? In brevity and successive stages it's curiously akin to birth, career and death of my Education Bill.

Solomon Grundy
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Taken ill on Thursday,

Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
That was the end of
Solomon Grundy.

You know the days when the various stages of the Bill passed, and will recognise how closely they resemble the week's history of the lamented S. G. Anyhow the jingle



FOR A NICHE IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

A worthy successor to Clive, Canning, Lawrence, Outram, Havelock, and the rest.
(Viscount Morley of Blackburn.)

got into my head and I could not sleep for repeating it. Got over it now. Off for a Christmas holiday and a New Year which, between you and me, will not, I fancy, be disturbed by introduction of a fifth Education Bill."

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Children's Bill considered.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—"This place reminds me of the sea," said the Member for SARK, looking down from gallery on waste of leather benches.

Only sign of energy is displayed on Woolsack, where LORD CHANCELLOR sits wrestling with his wig as if it were a recalcitrant majority. Leader of House and Leader of Opposition face each other. Difficult to say which is the more perfect model of icy, polished equanimity. Pretty to see simultaneous expression on their countenances when, upon occasion, ROSEBURY bangs the Table.

"Why should a man smite an un-argumentative piece of furniture?" they ask each other by a turn of lifted eyebrow.

It would seem that nothing could discompose either. If once more a fire were to break forth, crumbling up the Houses of Parliament as it did seventy-four years ago, CREWE would rise, leisurely collect his papers, and walk forth with unhastening steps, LANS-DOWNE with equal frigidity of manner keeping pace.

"Yes, like the sea," SARK repeated. "Only the other day it stormily wrecked the Licensing Bill, running risk of precipitating inevitable conflict with the Commons. To-day it is calm as a mill-pond; looks as if it wouldn't wreck a cockle-shell, rigged with fairy masts and spars. Certainly no one regarding it this evening would think it was doomed to early destruction, sentence of death having been passed upon it so recently as Friday."

Business done.—Second reading of Eight Hours Bill passed by 121 votes to 44.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Man and boy, have been familiar with House of Commons for thirty-eight years. Never known it free from presence of little clique of that peculiar kind of Briton who is

predisposed to think evil things of his countrymen engaged upon delicate, difficult, often personally dangerous missions in foreign parts. Sometimes the scene is laid in Jamaica; sometimes in Trinidad. For many years before the Boer War it was South Africa. Most frequently it is India.

DINIZULU being played out for a time, the attention of the latest inheritors of this peculiar kind of patriotism concentrate their attention

RUTHERFORD, our KEIR HARDIE and our one and only SWIFT MACNEILL. In far-off India, amid millions of natives whose sole source of information is a Press bent upon mischief, the case is different. To them these Solons are M.P.'s, as are Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BALFOUR; they are the champions of a down-trodden race, unafraid in a hostile Assembly to lift up their voices in vindication of the oppressed.

It is consciousness of this fact that makes the House display flashes of angered impatience when these really amiable, well-intentioned, singularly mild-mannered gentlemen tumble over each other in their hurry to question the UNDER SECRETARY, while SWIFT MACNEILL bounds on the bench like a parched pea on a hot hob, and DON'T KEIR HARDIE hints at possession of intimate knowledge of Indian affairs which, gained in a few weeks' visit, exceeds that of the VICEROY and his Council.

Business done.—Viscount MORLEY describes in Lords proposed scheme of reform of Indian Government.

Monday, December 21.—Prorogation.

Great Expectations.

MR. ARTHUR RICHARDSON, M.P., has been advising young lads not to smoke till they are twenty-five years of age. He remarked that he had a son to whom he had given this advice. "When you reach that age," he told his son, "you can bring in your pipe and sit down at the fireside and have a smoke with your mother and me." But what about the wife of Mr. RICHARDSON, jun.?

A contemporary has offered a purse of £2,500 for a match between HACKENSCHMIDT and GOTCH. The latter is allowed to choose whether it shall be split up into

"(1) £1,000 to each, and £500 to the winner; or (2) 60 per cent. to the winner, and 40 per cent. to the loser."

If we may be allowed to make the suggestion we should say that "three-fifths for the winner and two-fifths for the loser" would be a much more equitable arrangement.



A SYMPATHETIC SUGGESTION TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Anyone who has watched the heartrending and incessant struggles of Lord Loreburn to arrive at anything like comfort inside the official wig will realise what a boon it would be to the noble sufferer if the wretched thing could be suspended from the roof instead of worn. The difference in effect from the spectator's point of view would be almost negligible.

upon India. To-day, as yesterday, the UNDER SECRETARY undergoes fusillade of questions designed to show that, lo! the poor Indian is being trampled on by Agents of the Government; that elementary forms of justice are outraged; that innocent natives are seized in their houses or offices and haled to prison at the bidding of unscrupulous magistrates fortified by Coercion Acts passed at the instance of a tyrannical Secretary of State.

These things don't matter in the House of Commons. We know our COTTON, our MACKARNES, our



THE TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. I.

Thomas (sol). "MASTER SAYS TO ME, 'SEE YOU TAKE CARE OF MISS MACD ON THAT NEW FORT, THOMAS;' BUT WOT I WANT TO KNOW IS, 'OO'S TO LOOK AFTER THOMAS ON THE OLD BROUGHAM 'OSS?'"

SERIALS FOR ALL.

FICTION becoming so rapidly the only form of literary nourishment that many persons sit up to take, the editors of London have realised that they must either have feuilletons or be lost. Arrangements have therefore been made by a number of what might be called unlikely papers to provide suitable novels for their readers. A few specimen chapters and synopses from these have been sent to *Mr. Punch* by way of advertisement (although he carefully omits, in the new manner, any reference to that circumstance), and he has pleasure in beginning with an extract from the serial to be expected in *The Spectator*:—

THE DOOM OF THE STOMACH-TAXERS,

A FREE FOOD ROMANCE

BY

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON AND HAROLD COX.

Principal Characters:

Sir HUGO DUMPER, M.P. Free Trade Unionist and owner of a private

menagerie of highly-cultured animals.

VILLIERS COBDEN DUMPER, his son.

BASTIA DUMPER, his daughter.

BEETHOVEN, a Persian Cat.

LORD HENRY CHAPPERLIN, third son of the Duke of DOLES, and President of the Tariff Reform League.

LEONE MAXIXE, a Polish desperado and President of the Confederates.

JOHN FLAMES, M.P., an anti-Socialist Radical.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Sir HUGO DUMPER, a high-minded and prosperous Free Trade Unionist and lover of animals, has recently succeeded to a magnificent estate in the neighbourhood of Slagville, the borough for which LORD HENRY CHAPPERLIN is the Tariff Reform candidate. LORD HENRY is in love with BASTIA DUMPER, who, however, declines to encourage his addresses unless and until (1) he abandons the heresy of Protection; (2) admits the identity of Preference and Socialism; (3) joins a rifle club; (4) declares

against woman suffrage; (5) promises to communicate to *The Spectator* all instances of the sagacity of her favourite Persian cat, Beethoven (so called from his indulgence in moonlight sonatas).

At this juncture Sir HUGH DUMPER gives a great garden-party to all the Free Fooders in the country, and at the height of the festivity BASTIA discovers the presence of a number of the Confederates, a dangerous Secret Society organised for the assassination of the members of the Cobden Club.

CHAPTER V.

Scarcely had BASTIA recovered from the shock of this appalling discovery when LORD HENRY, emerging from the laurel bush with his accustomed grace, exclaimed, "My dear Miss BASTIA, this is indeed a fair cop."

A happy thought occurred to the dauntless girl. "Wouldn't you like to see father's trained zebras?" she asked with a winning smile.

"Delighted, I am sure," replied the susceptible nobleman who suf-

ferred himself to be led to the paddock in which the zebras were incarcerated.

Entertaining him with witty anecdotes of the extraordinary sagacity of these intelligent quadrupeds—one of which had learned to go down on its knees at the mention of the name of BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH—BASTIA engaged her formidable antagonist, while her brother, single-handed, set to work to unmask the Confederates who, disguised as Free Trade tin-plate manufacturers, were already marking down their prey. Foremost in this nefarious task was LEONE MAXIXE, notorious even at the London School of Economics for his sinister appearance and atrocious opinions. With blazing eyes, a raven moustache and a stentorian baritone voice, LEONE had long been the *bête noire* of the DUMPER household, and the knowledge that he had penetrated into the midst of their happy home filled BASTIA with ineffable dread. But the stars in their courses as well as the stripes of the zebras were fighting on her side. Scarcely had they entered the paddock when the most dangerous of these animals, over-hearing Lord HENRY inadvertently refer to Mr. BONAR LAW, broke loose from its tether and, charging down on the infatuated aristocrat, hurled him senseless against the Gothic iron railings which had been imported from Belgium at great expense. BASTIA was torn in two between the generous instincts of humanity and devotion to the great cause. But in this supreme moment her noble nature triumphed, and, beating off the infuriated zebra with a costly dog-whip made in Bavaria, she hastened to render first-aid to the prostrate nobleman.

(To be continued.)

The *Western Mail*, in eulogising the furs at a certain Cardiff emporium, says: "A really interesting study in natural history is afforded by the tigers, leopards, zebra, and monkeys, not to mention the smaller animals, such as the *minx*." We put these words into italics because they prove that there is something, after all, in the well-known advertisement of the fur trade: "Ladies' own skins made up."

Commercial Candour.

Advertisement of a cider merchant, under the heading

"TRIBUTES TO THE CIDER CURE."

"A customer from Bucks writes:—'Since I have been taking your Cider I have never been so free from rheumatism.'"

FOOTBALL, LIMITED.

THE recent decree of the Football Association forbidding the London Caledonians F.C. any longer to share a ground with that outcast club, The Casuals, has again roused interest in the autocratic body which from its palace at High Holborn plays so important a part in European affairs. Mr. Punch has lately managed to penetrate the royal residence and obtain an interview with Marquis WALL, the Foreign Secretary; and he has much pleasure in giving to



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

the public some details of the palatial building and the great personages who rule there.

The chief power appears to rest in the hands of four persons. Emperor CLEGG is at the head of affairs, with Marquis WALL as his right-hand man. In addition to them, Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY and Archbishop PICKFORD are always resident in the palace, and no important step is taken without their advice and approbation. The genial Marquis was good enough to give us some notes upon the personalities of his colleagues; and we have taken the liberty of supplementing them with a word of appreciation of the Marquis himself, specially written for us by the Archbishop.

CLEGG, EMPEROR: In his day one

of the best inside-rights in the country. Though he has lost much of his pace, is even now a deadly shot and a consummate tactician. He remains as modest as ever, in spite of the exalted position to which he has attained, and the members of his Ministry are still allowed to refer to him as Comrade CLEGG. The royal prerogative of pardon rests in him, and on more than one occasion he has exercised his clemency. Details of his famous plan for defeating the Russians by suspending KUROPATKIN can be found in the archives of the royal palace at Tokio.

PICKFORD, ARCHBISHOP: Is considered by some to be even now the best goal-keeper in the United Kingdom. Affiliated clubs which want to tour on the Continent, play a match for a local charity, or present their secretary with a cigarette-case have to get a special licence from his Grace. Erring members who had rashly joined the A.F.A. are welcomed by the Archbishop on their return to the fold, and spend ten minutes alone with him in the Palace Library.

BENTLEY, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Probably the finest centre-half who has ever played for England. Being now Lord Chief Justice, it is he who grants to clubs the necessary affiliation orders. Some of his lordship's decisions are historic—notably that in which he decreed that a member of the Football Association might turn the ends of his trousers up without permission, but must not share a flat with a member of the Amateur Football Association.

WALL, Marquis, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: The best all-round player the world has ever seen. Equally good in any position. Has been a great success as Foreign Secretary. Individual members of the F.A. who wish to spend the summer in Switzerland can always obtain a passport from his lordship.

So much for the men themselves. Now a word as to the building from which so many royal decrees and proclamations have been issued.

104, High Holborn, regarded from outside, seems an unpretentious structure—the last place in the world one would have imagined as a royal residence. But, once inside, all one's doubts vanish, as the famous marble hall and picture gallery are spread before one's gaze. This least known yet most precious of art collections has never been thrown open to the public, and I need make no apology, therefore, for noting a few of the principal treasures. Directly



Great Lady. "So SORRY! I'M AFRAID MY FEATHERS WERE TICKLING YOU DURING THE LECTURE."

Very much lesser Lady. "OH! DEAR LADY HIGHBRIDGE-KNOWSLEY, WHO WOULD MIND BEING TICKLED BY YOU?"

opposite us, as we come in, is RODIN'S masterpiece — a life-size statue of the Emperor in his youthful and International days—*Comrade Clegg appealing for a foul*. It is flanked on either side by two superb paintings; the one by SIGISMUND GOETZE, representing the historic meeting between Marquis WALL and Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY; the other a portrait by SARGENT, entitled *Archbishop Pickford with his Favourite Shin-guard*. Turning round as we enter the building we see over the door itself an immense and realistic picture, whose existence (so little suspected by the public) has for some time past been no secret to every connoisseur and art dealer in Europe. This is *The Pursuit*; and the running figure in the foreground, with starting eyeballs and dripping brow, is Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY, who has just given a penalty against the home team. . . .

It is time, however, that we recorded what was, after all, the chief object of our visit, our interview with Marquis WALL. We found the Foreign Secretary in his private suite on the first floor, and to our extreme gratification the Emperor

also was pleased to be present. After a few words of greeting, his Majesty graciously begged us to be seated and commanded Marquis WALL to give us such information as we desired.

"I have come, your lordship," began Mr. Punch, "to hear from your lips the latest details of the Balkan Crisis."

"Well," said the Foreign Secretary, "the situation is at present an extremely delicate one. Austria, Turkey, Serbia and Bulgaria became affiliated to us some years ago, of course; and though we had to suspend Austria once for six months still none of these countries has ever questioned our authority, and they have always unhesitatingly taken their orders from headquarters. About two years back Bosnia expressed a wish to be affiliated, and this was carried out by the Lord Chief Justice. Six months ago we discovered that Bosnia was actually sharing a boundary line with Herzegovina, whom we had had to suspend indefinitely in 1905. I at once wrote to point this out to them, and—well, that is how matters stand at present."

"We must have implicit obedience," added the Emperor in a cold voice.

"Quite so, your Honour—I mean your Majesty," said Mr. Punch nervously.

"If Bosnia persists in its defiant attitude, the consequences will be very serious."

"W-what would your Cleggship—that is to say, your Grace—I mean, quite so, Emperor, your Majesty, er—how did you find out so soon that they shared a boundary line?"

"It was due to Archbishop PICKFORD'S genius," said the Marquis. "As the result of tireless enquiries, lasting over two years, the discovery was made."

"You will kindly make public to the nation the present state of affairs," commanded the Emperor. And then abruptly he added, "The audience is closed."

We immediately bowed and withdrew backwards, and were then conducted down again to the hall. Inadvertently raising our hat to the wonderful RODIN statue, we left the Palace, and found ourselves once more among the common people.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAD I been *Shuri*, the gipsy heroine of *Episodes in the Lives of a Shropshire Lass and Lad* (SMITH, ELDER) I think I should scarcely have taken it so to heart when the hero jilted me for town-bred *Jocosa*, because I should have felt perfectly confident that so kindly and sympathetic a writer as Lady CATHERINE MILNES-GASKELL would manage to bring everything out all right in the end. As it happens, however, I should have been wrong, for though there are wedding-bells on the last page they are not those which the susceptible reader has been led to expect. This small matter apart, however, I have nothing but gratitude for a book of singular charm, and in any case it is a romance in which the actual tale is of less importance than the setting. It is not the first time that the author has turned her knowledge and love of bygone Shropshire to delightful account, but she has done nothing better than this. It is instinct with the atmosphere of old-time country life;

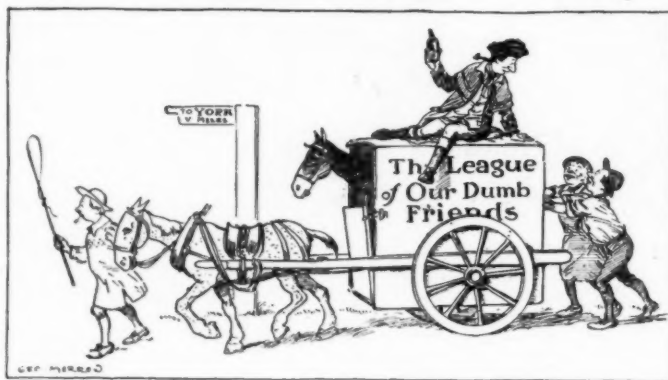
full of that quality of fat and comfortable beauty peculiar to rural England for which the Scotch STEVENSON has coined the word "skeltery." There is plenty of skeltery in Lady CATHERINE'S landscape—bosky glades, lush meadows, and sparkling brooks; merry makings, too, with nut-brown ale, and fiddling on the green of summer evenings. Her word-pictures have the colouring of a Morland. For my own part, indeed, the lure of them was such that I turned straight from *Lass and Lad* to *Bradshaw*, and there, on page 98, I have found a train from which, one day next Spring, I shall alight to explore for myself all the delectable places that are here described. Much Wenlock, Longville, Rushbury—what a walk that should be! And if it rains, as it probably will, some modern representative of *Mistress Trevor* shall stay me against chills with a draught of "peppermint and rosemary," which, whatever Lady CATHERINE may say, is, I am sure, as delicious as its name.

The *Life of Colonel Fred Burnaby* (EVERETT) is a compilation made with painstaking industry. It is not wholly Mr. WRIGHT'S fault if it fails to realise the personality with which it deals. FRED BURNABY, with the courage of a lion and the gentle manner of a woman, was rather the theme of a poet than of a prose writer, more especially one whose style is exceedingly prosaic. A man of action, seeking adventure wherever, and in whatever form, it presented itself, he does not seem to have left behind him material for a biography. Certainly Mr. WRIGHT has not discovered it. Superb in battle, dauntless in travel by untrodden ways, BURNABY was at his worst when he meddled in politics, of which he knew nothing. To the episode

of his attack on the then Radical stronghold of Birmingham Mr. WRIGHT devotes exceptional space, reproducing a number of banal illustrations from a local newspaper. BURNABY was his own biographer, telling in familiar books the principal story of his life. The two best chapters in the volume are, oddly enough, contributed by outsiders. One by Sir FRANK BURNAND vividly pictures BURNABY in his social aspect, at a dinner given by him at the Junior Carlton Club. The other is a simply-told, thrilling account of his death at Abou Klea, written by Lord BINNING, who fought by his side.

"My name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886." That is how Mr. HARRIS begins his vivid story *The Bomb* (LONG); and when I had finished it I turned back to the first page in order to make sure that the beginning was not "My name is FRANK HARRIS. I threw," etc. Anyhow it might well be that the "honest reporter and eye-witness" of the closing scenes, quoted on page 299, was the present author. Mr. HARRIS is a great advocate. He carries

you away in a rush of words; and, assisted by the fact that the scene is America, convinces you (for a time at any rate) that Anarchy is right and the Law wrong. In dedicating the book to a Serenity the author calls it a novel of revolt and passion. It is really a novel of revolt with the passion dragged in; but it is a fine and a moving story, which (I keep telling myself) is none the worse for its dedication, and the persistent advertisement of



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—V.

DICK TURPIN.

it in the body of Mr. HARRIS'S own paper.

We have no chance of being bored by *The House of Arden* (FISHER UNWIN), for its author, Mrs. NESBIT, whisks us down the ages with the rapidity of a cinematograph. She is assisted in her flight by magic, a witch and *The Mouldiwarp*; and I heartily recommend the book to young children and old children, including all grown-ups who remember what childhood was like, or having forgotten want to be reminded. Attractive as the heroine and hero are, *The Mouldiwarp* is the character for me, and I prophesy a very long life for this delightful creature. Even when called "Mouldie" by the hero, *The Mouldiwarp* retained its dignity. If I have a complaint to make it is that the chapters are rather too long, for I cannot imagine the child who, having begun one of them, will not want to finish it; and, after all, there is such a thing as bedtime. And when the chapter is finished there are Mr. MILLAR'S illustrations to be looked at "just for a minute." I cannot pay a higher tribute to the combined skill of author and illustrator than by saying that parents who do not wish their children to read in bed had better sleep with *The House of Arden* under their own pillows.